

SAVOIR FAIRE VOL 56



FALL 2013

CREATIVE WRITING ENGL 290

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CREATIVE WRITING ENGL 290

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“The purpose of art is washing the dust of daily life off our souls.”

-Pablo Picasso

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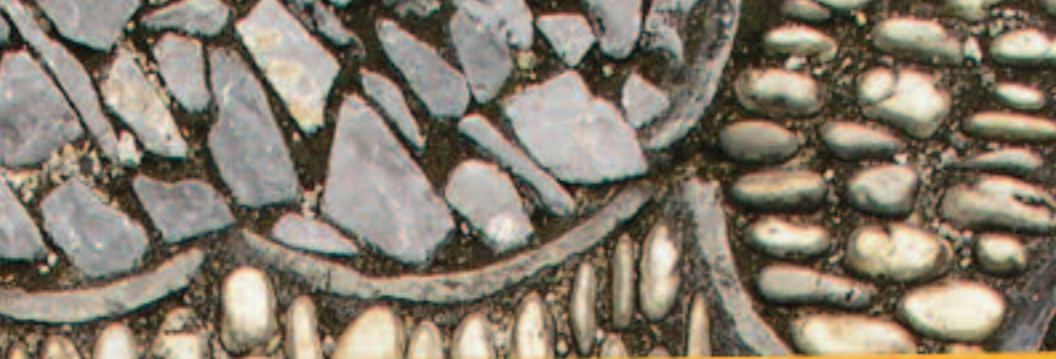
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CONTENT

Evolution of Belief	Contessa Hall	4
I Remember Something Fun	Alexander Richardson	5
Memoirs of a Seven Year Old	Chris Gonzales	6
Blessed	Stacey Tinsley	9
My Everything Until Dawn	Regan Tilley	10
Still Life Blue	Melanie Curry	12
Interview: Jacob Disedare	Will McGrew	13
Black and White Still Life	Grant Molnar	16
The Purple Man	Nick Kirkikis	18



IS:

Medusa	Lauren Gelpi	22
Interview with a Vampire: Crystal Pletzer	Joe Welch	23
Skull Drawing	Melanie Curry	25
The Love of a Mother	Molly West	26
Plant Drawing	Carolyn Kortus	27
23	Will McGrew	28
The Odd Wedding Day	Hannah Kent	29
George Washington	Carolyn Kortus	30
Meet The Artists		31

CONTESSA HALL

CONTESSA HALL

SAVOIR FAIRE WRITER'S AWARD

evolution of belief

the belief in vertical symmetry
radial pieces
disproportioned organs
limbs too long
bones see-sawed against
twisted muscular masses
beneath pale, crumpled skin

the belief in chemical balances
your dead heart outweighs
your struggling conscience
a marathon mindset
cerebral cortex on autopilot
impulsive neuron transmitters
under a cracked, senile skull

the belief in political correctness
liberal orthodox
protesting wings and parties
drenched in an internal landslide
voting for illusions and lies
unstable convincing information
supporting a haggard, sulking body

Memoirs of a Seven Year Old

It's funny how memories work. They pay no attention to facts. A memory is based solely on perception, and how that memory is perceived is based on the age and understanding of the witness. Memories are a convoluted fiction with plot twists and reoccurring nightmares. What I remember may be completely contradictory than what my family remembers. Though the memory process is utterly selective and irrational, I reiterate my previous disclaimer; these are my memories.

One of my very first memories was my father coming home from a day's hard work recruiting for the U.S. Marines. He found my brother and me making a huge mess in the den. This is something not completely uncommon for boys, who are seven and four years old, to be found doing. My dad was noticeably upset. An upset marine was a danger that even a seven year old was aware of. My father looked me square in my eyes, like I was one of his men or a new recruit and said, "One of these days I won't come home!"

My next memory feels like the next day, but in all actuality it could have been a week, a month, or even a year later. Memories and time are convenient that way, aren't they? The government moved us to Toledo, Ohio so my father could head up the recruiting station there. The house we had bought was huge, a palatial mansion to my young eyes. We lived close to my school, Shoreland Elementary and just down the street from a park. I had two friends, Heather, who lived just next door, and Jeannie, who lived two doors down from me. Life was good in the Glass City, but as with most things the government had to mess it up. We were being transferred again. The transfer was to some place called Washington D.C. I didn't want to go. I would have to make new friends, and being the new kid again was purgatory, a living hell. Nothing could be worse than another move.

My dad and mom had decided that my father would go ahead of us and get established. We stayed behind in Toledo to sell our home.

The day my dad left was sad; so sad in fact, that it has etched itself into my permanent memory banks, but I knew that I would see him soon. So there we stood, in the doorway hugging. Again he looked me in the eyes and said, "You're the man of the house now. Take care of your brother." I was now the man of the house and needed to take care of my twerp of a little brother! It was like the blind leading the blind, and I was the kid with all the bad ideas. Being in charge of another person probably wasn't a good idea, but I wouldn't let my father down, not again. The door closed, and my daddy was gone.

The memory that sticks out next is when Mom, Steve, and I had driven a million miles through the mountains. We passed through a bunch of tunnels and small towns. We finally arrived, and our new home was Virginia. I saw my dad. He was standing in front of a doorway. Our new home was a white and redbrick townhouse, not like the house in Toledo. It was more like a glorified apartment. I already missed our old home and my friends, but I would make do. It was night and well past my bed time. I was with my dad again, and it was a happy reunion. Dad and I raced from the car to the house; of course I won, not because he let me, but because of my Olympic class speed. We went inside, then upstairs to a bedroom with couches in it. My dad sat, and I placed my head on his stomach. I fell asleep to the sounds that came from his belly. It's weird I know, but like I said, memories are funny that way. When you think back to your childhood and remember your dad's cologne, you probably remember Old Spice or Brut. I remember Marlboros and Budweiser.

My memories take me to the next day or what I think is the next day. My mom was unpacking, and my dad decided to take my brother and me to the mall. The mall was not what I thought it would be. This mall had no stores and was outside. I was very confused. In front of all the monuments there was a humongous rectangle lake filled with ducks. Dad asked, "Do you want to feed the ducks?" I really, really did, but we didn't have any bread. We walked along the water's edge, passing other kids tossing bread into the water. The more bread and kids I saw, the more I wanted to throw bread of my own. We walked for a few minutes. Noticing how sad I was getting, my dad suggested that we ask someone if they would let us have some bread. Just ahead of us was a woman with short blonde hair. She was alone with

plenty of bread to go around. So we approached her, and dad asked if she would be willing to share. She did. Steve and I went down to the water tossing bread to the engorged ducks while dad and the nice lady named Ann-Marie stayed back just out of ear shot and talked. I remember thinking what a wonderful twist of fate that we found someone with enough bread for Steve and me. This day was awesome; nothing could bring me down.

The next slide in this series of memories is when we arrived back at the townhouse that evening. We walked in after having had a wonderful day with just the guys and a stranger. My mother was crying, and in her hand she held a bundle of envelopes. The house was disheveled; things were strewn everywhere. She told my brother and me to go upstairs. So following her instructions, we went to the bedroom with couches, closed the door and the screaming started. That night I fell asleep to the sounds of screaming and pleading with only one question on my mind, "What does cheating mean?" A question that would be short lived when the name of the woman came out. My mother was yelling, "Who the hell is Ann-Marie?"

Shortly after I fell asleep I was awoken by my mom telling me "To wake up we are leaving." I went to the car crying, unable to process the significance of the situation. My home was breaking and so was my heart. When I finally fell asleep in the car, I was repeating one prayer over and over--A prayer that I recited for years after this first moment: "Please God let this be a dream. Let me wake up, and it all be a dream."

We drove back and forth between Toledo and Virginia at least three times. This was all in the hope that my mom and dad could work it out. A ten hour drive one way. The way there was filled with hope and anticipation. The way home was filled with tears and even deeper heartbreak and anguish. Like I said in the beginning, these are my memories. I know because they were engraved into the shards of a seven year old's broken heart.



BLESSED

Stacey Tinsley

My Everything Until Dawn

When we were done, you asked me for a cigarette.
 You inhaled mistakes, you exhaled regrets.
 I felt empty inside.
 My face showed the strange I tried to hide.
 But I don't really think you noticed.

You told me of stories your mother told you.
 The world's peacefulness you later found untrue.
 I listened as though I cared, but we both know I didn't.
 My eyes wide open, my ears squinted.
 I took another drag of my cigarette.
 I only smoke when I'm a nervous wreck.

Although I was not too nervous, just more amazed.
 I had given everything to a guy with no last name.
 Who was the mysterious creature sitting at my kitchen table?
 The soul I had dreamed of to find me if able?
 Or was it something else...

Had he used me just as I had used him?
 I just wanted to feel sin.
 To touch it, kiss it, rub it.
 To love it, need it, want it.
 Everyone plays these horrific games
 To hurt each other in every possible way.

Was his soul just as lonely as mine?
 Longing for someone at any given time?
 Waiting for someone to save me.

Waiting for someone to take me away.
To somewhere no one could say.
It's my secret.
It's our secret.

You were not who I wanted you to be.
But you got lost inside of me.
I do not cry, I do not sigh,
And I do not ask myself why.
Now it's all better left unsaid.
It's all lifeless, breathless, dead.

And when you finish your cigarette and kiss me goodbye,
Your soul will die and mine will fly.
So I stare at your face for the last few moments I will ever see you.
I see in your eyes you're doing it too.
The smoke is done, I'll grab your coat.
My mind wonders, my imagination floats.
Will I miss you? Will I forget you?
Tomorrow morning will I regret you?

I take him the cold, black leather jacket.
He turns to the door, and for a moment I wish he hadn't.
The door wide open, his eyes on mine.
He tells me goodbye for the first and last time.



BLUE STILL LIFE

Melanie Curry

JACOB DISEDARE

JACOB DISEDARE

Interview: Jacob Disedare (While on tour in Pittsburgh, PA)

22 October 2013

Author: Will McGrew

Listening to your music from the *Passing Lane* up to *Ghost Foot*, I notice a big change in sound. Do you believe your environment influences your sound?

Yes, I'm sure environment does play a small role in how I write, but I don't notice as much. I've always written the kind of music I play now back when I was doing the *Passing Lane*, and likewise I still write a lot of folk music while being in *Ghost Foot*. The thing that changes from time to time is which project to focus more time on, be it recording or touring or whatever. I've always loved more mellow folky stuff, but I've always loved rock n' roll and yelling and all that crap as well. Right now my attention and time and efforts are just invested in *Ghost Foot*. Not sure why, I just go with what feels right at the time.

Do you find that writing music helps you in other mediums such as drawing or writing poetry?

I have to say no to this one. When I'm writing music, I'm writing music, when writing poetry, I'm writing poetry, etc. I don't really mix them together. I'm not one to take lyrics from my poetry. Though listening to other people's music will sometimes inspire a poem or a drawing.

What is your goal as far as music goes?

This is a hard one for me. I've thought about it a lot, and the answer has changed trastically over the years. Right now the only thing I can hope for is to make something great that sticks with people and leaves a mark in the grand scheme of things. Labels and all that shit are kinda pointless these days. I just want to make real music people can enjoy and take something from, not trendy crap that no one remem-

bers in two years.

Out of all the bands you've been a part of which one do you like best and why?

I like them all for different reasons. I don't think I could decide on one cause there's parts of every album or band or whatever that has something super personal and special to me.

Do you think it is easier for a musician in today's world with technology or harder because so many people are putting out music?

It's easier for goons that wanna work that Internet crap. I've always wanted to put art out that spoke for itself. I've never wanted to be a vacuum salesman, so yeah, it's harder for guys like me. We're basically dinosaurs stomping around loudly while these young kids quietly sharpen their Mac Book spears.

When it comes to writing music, do you write songs in your head and then pick up a guitar, or do you pick up a guitar and just see where it takes you?

Sometimes a melody or lyric will come to me randomly, but most of the time I sit down with a guitar and notebook and slowly make it happen. Then over time I rework it and get it to what I feel like is the finished song. Sometimes it's finished in 20 minutes, sometimes a month later.

Have you ever had a song in your head that came out completely wrong when you tried to make it?

Nah, I wouldn't finish it if it felt wrong.

What is your best memory from being on the road?

It's hard to choose one for sure, but going to City Lights the first time in San Fran with you and Mel was pretty damn special. All that stuff we'd been talking about for three years right there in front of us.

Out of all the places you've visited where do you see yourself living? That's another tough one--Hopefully a few of them--Maybe Austin or New Orleans first, baby steps, I guess. Then later on maybe San Fran or New York. Who knows?

What decade inspires you most?

The 50s and 60s, I suppose. The music, the films, the literature, etc. Obviously it all had something that'll never happen again, no matter how much we all try.

What draws an audience to a show?

Tons of stuff. Success, hit songs, flyers, drink specials, good music, lots of friends, smoke and mirrors, boredom. Just to name a few.

Do you think Ben Affleck will be a good Batman?

No probably not.

If you could have lunch with one of your idols, who would it be, and what would you talk about?

It'd be you, and we'd talk about having lunch with our idols. At deli casino.

Is pizza the key to bringing peace to the Middle East?

Haha no, but obesity maybe.

Any advice for people just getting into making music?

Just be real about it. People can see through bullshit, if not right away, definitely eventually. Don't get hung up on "making it."

You're not only one of my favorite musicians, but you are one of my favorite writers. Are there any plans to put out a book?

There's plans to write a book, but it's hard and I've been lazy lately about anything non music related.

Hey thanks, one last thing: What are you listening to at the moment?

Will Mcfool and the Venice Beach Rockers. 4 life.





The Purple Man

From under the door space, shadows of Mom and Dad seeped through and bickered upon the wall. Their match caused the door to writhe in fright. Little Liza turned from the chasm, black shades flailing their bodies at one another, pulled the covers up to her chin so as to not be cold. Dry and boney limbs of an outside tree itched the window pane with a raspy screech. A poison chill caught her spine and stuck there. Little Liza flipped back over to her side and heard the creaking closet door.

It was wide open, its bowels like a grotto of darkness. Liza gazed into it intently as if trying to pierce that black veil. From it stepped a wide looming figure with skin of purple and wearing a brown coat and trousers. The man of purple was very angular, his hips like sharp corners, a tuft of disheveled hair atop his coned scalp. From his rhombus shaped eyes there was a diamond glimmer. There was no emotion expressed upon the purple man's wide face, his fat lips flatly pressed together.

The purple man lumbered forward to Liza's bedside and said, "It's noisy here." His tone was a child-man's; he considered the shades of Mom and Dad in their shadowy fight.

"Are we going now?" Liza asked the purple man.

He double blinked and pulled away her blankets. "Let's go. I know a place where we can hide."

"Is it in the closet again?"

The purple man helped her from bed, took her tiny hand within his groping one, tender as flower petal. The blustering Mom and Dad shapes quieted behind as they fell deeper into the empty closet, shoving through solid darkness.

"Where are we going this time?" asked Liza.

"You'll like it," said the purple man. "I must show you. Here, see,

look.”

Liza stood in wonder of the place and was a little terrified inside. The air sang a wakeful lullaby to tear the sleepiness from her eyes. Upon a grassy green bluff with winter-summer flowers blossoming, she overlooked a stony, sparkling city within a cavernous chamber. Its spired heights were crowned in great silver and amethyst. Never before had she seen the city reaching so high up for the ceiling. Fairy orbs fluttered upon the fragrant breeze that messed her hair and sent it flowing like water.

“We have to keep going,” said the purple man. “Or we might have to go back.” His plump fingers wrapped round hers, and he led Liza down into the mazelike city. It did not take long to reach the street with gold glimmering within the black pavement. A cold breath wheezed down the alleys. The purple man noted Liza shivering.

“Don’t worry about the cold. It’ll get warmer.”

“You promise?”

The purple man swiveled his head forward. Liza saw to where he saw. A beaten dog sat under an iron lamppost blazing red. “Beware the warrior,” said the hound.

“What does he mean by that?” asked Liza to the purple man.

“Run from the cleric,” said the hound.

You don’t want to see them,” the purple man told her.

The hound said, “Do not go with the wanderer.” His wild snarling eyes flashed, and the hound returned to some pungent lane.

“The warrior, the cleric, the wanderer,” Liza recited.

The purple man scratched his triangular nose and sniffled. Deeper within the soulless city was a charred battleground. Liza gasped at sight of a colossal paper dragon spreading out creased and yellowed wings. From its fanged maw breathed out coiling strands of flame-colored tissue paper. Uplifting a silvery scissor blade was a knight clad in grey. He fell his sword atop the talons of the dragon and severed them off. The paper dragon did not bleed paper blood, but the light in its eyes went out, and its skull went hollow.

The scissor knight turned to Liza and said, “Now that the creature is slain, let us be away.”

Don’t go with him.” The purple man told her. He still held her hand tightly, so Liza went with him while the scissor knight fell apart like smoke.

It began to rain upward to the ceiling, a turquoise sea spangling gorgeously. Islanded within was a porcelain cathedral with bells

tolling Eden music. The purple man caught a raindrop and drifted up with Liza floating after him. The steps of the cathedral were rough on her bare feet. There was no wind anymore to tickle her hair. After pushing open the double doors of jasper and carnelian with a dragging, grating noise, the purple man took her inside.

Seemingly there was no ceiling to the cathedral, none that Liza saw, though a mighty pendulum swung madly from pew to pew. Crystal candlesticks burned at the edge of darkness, their dripped wax shaping into scared-panicked children. An imperial-royal red carpet trailed down the aisle to an altar gilded with opera house faces. Some were happy and laughing while others had gloomy miens. Towering above the altar was a foppish priest swathed in violet and scarlet robes. He snickered as the crystal-wax children scrambled from his laughing foot-stomps. Laid out behind him was a boy-girl doll that stared blankly to the abyssal ceiling.

"Take my hand, child," the foppish priest said to Liza. "And I shall lead you across the sea to another shore."

"He only wants you for himself," said the purple man. This time his voice had changed tone; it trembled and his bulbous hands were shaking. He seized Liza suddenly and bounded for the door, practically dragging her. The foppish priest called her once, twice, then dried to flowing ash taken up by windy sigh. The purple man was panting. His lips broke apart in fearful grimace. The black pendulum whooshed before them. Liza shrieked out, and her bones petrified. Unable to nudge her unfrozen, the purple man scooped her up in his meaty arms and rushed out the cathedral doors into blinding white light.

They came out of the scorched ruins of a prairie home. The whole land smelled like burning, but there was no smoke of plumes nodding upward. Ash drizzled from the overcast like gentle warm snow. Liza winced as the flakes fell and singed her cheeks.

She looked up to the purple man surveying the barren realm. "What is this place?" she asked to him.

The purple man wore a sad frown and his eyes were welling up wetly. Liza let go his fleshy hand and wandered from him. He kept behind her, kept her within his long shadow. After what was like an aeon of journey, Liza stood upon a meager hillock overlooking the skeleton of a decrepit arena. Gnarled briar sprouted from between the sloppily laid stonework. Tangled together weeds shivered in the faint banshee wind.

Squatting in the middle of the rotted arena was a hermit donned in stony armor patched with dying moss and cloaked in a tattered tiger skin. Liza made to move next to him, but the purple man sank his grip on her boney shoulder. "Don't," the purple man said fearfully. Liza shrugged him off and sat by the tiger hermit. His putrid cloak smelled of old blood and battle.

The tiger hermit kept his eyes down to the dust. "Art thou prepared to maketh journey over to another coast?" Liza put her hand over his and nodded.

The purple man was silently sobbing with eyes cascading, "No. I don't want you to go."

The tiger hermit slowly glanced at Liza and half-smiled as his hand closed upon hers. He rose and did not take up his rusted blade with him. His fingers spread out open upon her face, said, "Thou hath no need of thy façade any longer."

The tiger hermit pulled the smiley doll mask from her face and let it shatter upon the hardy ground. Liza made to move with him, but the purple man bolted quick and seized her arm.

"No! No! No!" he wailed. "Don't go...please don't go away."

Liza's scowl sank deeper with revulsion. She snatched back her arm. "Get off me."

The tiger hermit smiled. He led Liza further from the crumpling arena that smelled of hell. The purple man dwindled in distance, fumbling along the same weary footpath. The tiger hermit led Liza to a steep, desolate ridge. Liza did not have as much trouble ascending as the purple man did, who had fallen to his sharp knees numerous times.

Up upon the ridge Liza looked down at the silvery sand of a beach continuously smacked by bleak waves. The tiger hermit had prepared there a catamaran without a sail. He helped her into it as he pushed the catamaran closer to the sea without effort. Grey water splashed into Liza's lap and soaked her hair. The tiger hermit hopped on, and they began to roll away from the wasteland mainland. Liza turned behind and saw the purple man whimpering. He sobbed and was blown apart to dust.



MEDUSA: SAVOIR FAIRE ARTIST'S AWARD

Lauren Gelpi

CRYSTAL PLETZER

CRYSTAL PLETZER

Interview with a Vampire: Crystal Pletzer

Author: Joe Welch

Dark, mysterious, abnormal are only a few of the words used to describe the works of successful authors such as Edgar Allan Poe. I chose to conduct my interview on a promising young talent whose works display all of those characteristics. Crystal Pletzer is a nineteen year old freshman at Bossier Parish Community College who aspires to one day become an author.

Her stories are compared to those of Edgar Allan Poe, and when asked about this comparison, she had this to say:

First off, thank you. Edgar Allan Poe is an inspiring author, and his writings greatly inspired me to write stories of horror as well as psychological thrillers.

When did you begin writing?

I begin writing once I arrived in Shreveport, Louisiana three years ago when my family moved here from Germany.

What inspires you to write?

I find my inspiration is from music. It also stems from the obsession of death and blood.

Is there a message to your writing?

My writings hint toward the darker interpretations generally found in one's eyes, however my writings are written ambiguously so that one may see the side of the story that they chose to see.

What draws you toward the darker genre?

The unique stories and how many other talented writers are able to

still create beautiful stories with subjects most people are even too afraid to think of.

Why do you write?

When I read others poems and stories, I see them as the writer reaching out for help. Then I view my stories as me reaching BACK to them--Me saying "I hear your plea. I'm here to help."

Do you ever experience writer's block, and if so, how often?

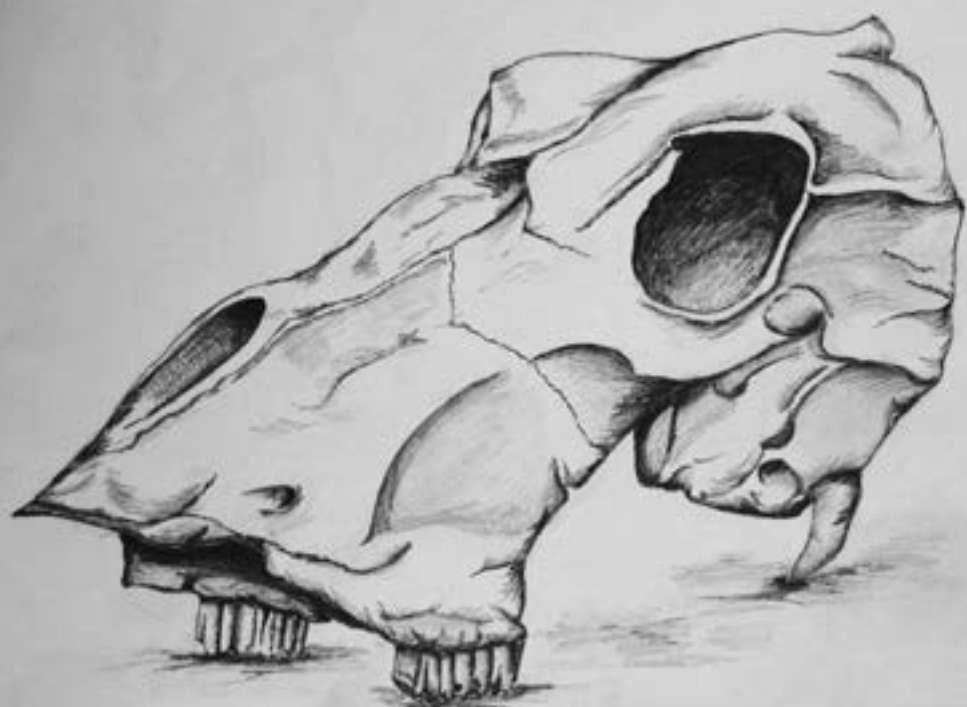
Yes I do. It generally varies, as there are times when I'm too busy to write for weeks at a time, and then sometimes I'll have plenty of free time but no idea what to write about. So it depends on when I write and how much I write.

Do you have a process or ritual that you perform before you begin writing?

No I don't because it depends on what triggers me to write. For example, I can think of a random topic that I want to write about and do so, however sometimes when I experience writer's block, I find things to trigger the certain emotions that allow me to write the things I do.

What are some of your trigger objects?

I find my triggers are the common things such as music and stories, but I also look into the non fiction stories that people have personally gone through and were strong enough to share with the rest of us. When you have someone that can tell their story in detail, you find that the sensory images take hold of your mind and your body so that you feel what they are feeling. I choose to read the darker, more depressing stories because they have a greater affect on your emotions. When you don't commonly think of depression, you think on the happy things. Therefore, you feel happiness a lot more, and you become accustomed to this feeling, so when deep sadness hits you, you feel it more because you're not used to it.



The Love of a Mother

Do you ever feel as if you have been overtaken?

That nothing is yours, and your whole world has been shaken?

Your heart beats to help your child...

But aches for something left for you?

Who knew?

The push, the pull, of child and mother

Heater in anger

Then calm in another

The moments either pass too quickly or too slowly

They grow and they change

But our favorite?

Their laughs, their smiles, the love in their eyes...

Endless and chaming,

They get us each time

Starting with a smile

And ending with a whine.

What JOY other than this

Is worth losing a part of you?

A you who is changing, and morphing into someone you never
knew,

But...

Is alot like your mother

Different in some ways

and similar in others

Love flows freely from mother to child,

And vise versa again

Love changes you for the better

And carries you far..

You're tired, you're worn out

You need a break

You think HEY! I'll head to the bar!

But what keeps you away from a toxic disease

Is her smile, the Love of a Mother, and prayers on your knees!



23

So I sit
Here
that ratty old
rag tag
smoke filled
alcohol oasis
sober
completely
new
wandering around with my thoughts
Those consuming thoughts that freeze
Your head
my grasp upon the world loosens
my eyes locate beauty
love is nervous
But it's also accepting
And generous
You feel it like a seismic wave
A vibration in your inner most bones
It's there with you like the seasons
my mind is solid frozen gumbo
and it's waiting for that heat
to thaw my thoughts
let them flow
And now I feel it
that conversation that leads
to
a kiss
and a feeling like
I'm here with you
Film spliced together to create
that unscripted life
I star in
with you on my side by my side



THE ODD WEDDING DAY

Hannah Kent



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Carolyn Kortus

MEET THE ARTISTS

MEET THE ARTISTS

Contessa Hall is inspired by David Bowie. Her pet peeve is people. She is not afraid of much, but she has an irrational fear of heights. One thing that changed her life was birth.

Alexander Richardson has been exploring his creativity since pre-school. His pet peeve is ignorance, and he has an irrational fear of old porcelain dolls. His dream job is to be an artist full time.

In the sixth grade, **Chris Gonzales** had an English teacher that made him write journal entries. From this, he found writing came easily and also grew up with a Marine father who wrote Marine Corps history books. He freezes in the presence of reptiles, and had a job selling meat door to door, a job that he feels speaks for itself.

Stacey Tinsley's mother and father have inspired her creatively, and her dream job is to work for *National Geographic*.

Reagan Tilley has been a writer for as long as she can remember. Reagan has kept some sort of journal her entire life. She is inspired by surrounding life experiences, risk taking, and nature. Her life changed when she moved to Los Angeles at the age of fourteen.

Melanie Curry's mother gave her children's books that instead of reading, she would creatively fold the pages in different ways. She made a life changing move from nursing to graphic design in order to pursue her dream of becoming a graphic artist.

Will McGrew's pet peeve is the word pet peeve. Outside of doing impersonations, he has a penchant for traveling as evidenced through his two month trek documenting a band.

Nick Kirkikis became creative when he realized that it was okay for writers to have voices in their heads. He thinks it's ridiculous when after laughing someone states the obvious, "That's funny." His dream job is to be the emperor of space.

Lauren Gelpi has had a reoccurring dream of her teeth falling out, and her pet peeve is conformity. Her inspiration comes from her mother who is an amazing artist which led her to her dream job of being an art therapist.

Molly West began her creative endeavors with dance and then moved on to writing and dressing creatively. The worst job she's ever had was being a restaurant hostess because she kept messing up all the credit card orders. She lasted there three short weeks.

Carolyn Kortus believes her children are creative, fearless, and brave, her constant sources of inspiration. She would love to be a paid professional artist, an aspiration closely related to her pet peeve which is people who say they can't paint or draw, etc. She feels everyone can learn to create art.

As a child, **Hannah Kent** overcame her nightmare of a marionette trying to kill her by pushing it into a shark tank. She has little patience for liars and once had to be a diaper changer for six hours straight, an experience she would not like to relive.

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